

bottom with their nests for a great number of miles, the heaviest branches of the trees broken and fallen to the ground, which was strewn with the young birds dead and alive, that the Indians in great numbers were picking up to carry away with their horses; many of their dogs were said to be gone mad with feeding upon their putrified remains. A forest thus loaded and half destroyed with these birds, presents an extraordinary spectacle which cannot be rivalled; but when such myriads of timid birds as the wild pigeon are on the wing, often wheeling and performing evolutions almost as complicated as pyrotechnic movements, and creating whirlwinds as they move, they present an image of the most fearful power. Our horse, Missouri, at such times, has been cowed by them, that he would stand still and tremble in his harness, whilst we ourselves were glad when their flight was directed from us."

THE BREWSTER'S WARBLER IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BY JULIA WINGATE SHERMAN.

EARLY Sunday morning, May 19, 1907, my daughter and I went on a bird-walk near our home in Roslindale, which is one of the many beautiful suburbs of Boston. When a short distance from the house we heard a Golden-winged Warbler give his *zee-zee-zee*, as I then supposed. My daughter not having seen one that season, we stepped out of our path to take a look at the singer. Imagine my surprise — not a Golden-winged but a fine male Brewster's Warbler was perched before us. He sang over and over again his high, lazily given song which so closely resembles that of the Golden-wing that it could easily be mistaken for it. On careful listening, at close range, it seemed higher and finer in quality. This specimen was in fine typical plumage, but was wholly white underneath. He kept for some time on a low, isolated, gray birch where he showed himself in all lights.

We continued our walk in the direction of Tom William's Pond.

When within a short distance of it, we saw, in a mixed flock of migrating warblers, either the same bird or one in similar plumage.

A few days later a pair of Brewster's Warblers were reported nesting in the Arnold Arboretum. I did not see the birds or the nest, but I was told by Mr. Charles J. Maynard and others who did see them, that the nest contained five eggs, all of which hatched. Dr. Faxon reported the young to have left the nest when seven days old. Mr. Maynard sent me a water-color drawing of the female and young, which he made at the time. This female showed an extensive, nearly black throat patch, also a large yellow patch in the wing.

During the spring of 1908, a pair of Brewster's Warblers again built in the Arboretum near their old site, but on the other side of the road. This nest was found by me after having been given a clew by Mr. John Carver of its supposed location. It was placed a few inches from the ground and rested in the center of the upright shoots of a young cornel bush. Eventually it contained four eggs. Three disappeared, leaving one on which the female sat for several days but finally abandoned it. The last visit I made to the nest, which was some time later, showed the egg still there. I have since been told that the nest is now included in the Harvard University Collection.

Mr. Carver told me that the birds started to build again, a few feet away, but that they did not complete the nest.

This female, of which I made a water-color drawing, showed a dark dusky throat patch, not clearly defined at its base, but blended into the pale gray of the upper breast. It was blackest at the base of the bill and at the center of the throat.

The black line through the eye was broader and extended back farther than did that on the Brewster of the preceding year. She differed also in showing two broad yellow wing-bands.

June 5, 1910, my son's attention was attracted to a male Golden-winged Warbler carrying nesting material not far from our house. He told me about it and took me to the place that afternoon. We soon found the male, a beautiful specimen, easily recognized and distinguished from other male Golden-wings by his jet black throat patch which extended up and back on either side of his neck. This took away its usual triangular shape and gave it rather the appearance of a bib.

Presently his mate flew to him. I immediately recognized in her a female Brewster's. They mated and sported about for some time. Although I had read that it was believed that these species do interbreed, I never expected to have the actual experience come within my observation.

This female Brewster's was in much the same plumage as the last described. She differed, however, in having the dusky throat patch lighter in color. It bore the same character in being darker towards its center and directly under the bill. The one of 1908 had a nearly black throat patch, mottled slightly in appearance. The black line through the eye was narrower and placed on a pale gray cheek. The white line above the eye was uniform in width and looked as if put on with a brush, it was so beautifully defined. The white line below the eye was shorter. The whole tone of the back was more olivaceous. Two bright yellow wing-bars divided by an olive or dark band showed on the wing.

The entire underparts were washed with yellow, which showed quite bright on the middle of the breast in good light. The crown was bright dandelion yellow running into bronzy yellow toward the back of the head.

Seeing such a mismated pair, I knew the rest of their history would be interesting and determined to locate their nest if possible. This I did not succeed in doing until on the 13th, by inadvertently walking almost onto it; the mother bird flew off, thus pointing an index finger to the spot.

It was placed in a blossoming backberry bush about six inches from the ground. It rested in the center of the bush, being supported by the upright briery canes. The material used in its construction was oak and chestnut leaves, with strips of red cedar bark, and grasses for a lining and to hold the nest together. The single strand of horse hair was inside. All the material was found close at hand. The leaves were whole.

It was securely yet loosely made, and so deep ($2\frac{1}{2}$ inches on the inside) that the little nestlings looked well protected. It was so well concealed that I always had to look sharply to see it, even knowing its exact location. Living grasses were pulled up about it in such a way as to completely hide it. It contained, when found, four eggs similar to those, as I remember them, of the

Arboretum Brewster's of 1908. They were white, speckled with irregular patches of brown; more heavily on the larger end. Each egg lay with its smaller end towards the center of the nest.

June 21. I visited the nest from which the mother bird flew. Knowing incubation must be nearly completed I went away as quickly as possible.

June 22. After supper I went to the nest and found the four eggs hatched, and such helpless mites. Too helpless to move.

June 24. The female flew from the nest on my going to it. The young were nearly twice the size as last seen. The male Golden-wing was busy carrying green caterpillars to them.

June 25. The female was still brooding. The young had wing-feathers one quarter of an inch long, and the general development was very marked.

June 26. I found both parents away. This afforded me an excellent opportunity to look at the nestlings closely. Both parents soon returned bringing two green caterpillars each. These the babies soon devoured. Their eyes had opened and their daily increase in size was very noticeable.

June 29. The young were covered with an olive down above, and so crowded in the nest that only their heads and backs were visible. I put my hand over the nest. Not a sound came from it and none attempted to leave it. The mother bird was away but returned without food.

Early Thursday morning, June 30, the nest was empty. I could not imagine those helpless looking nestlings of the night before, winging their way out into the world, and feared some accident had befallen them. Although there were no signs of either of the parents about I determined to wait a while. Soon I was rewarded. The mother bird came, bringing two green caterpillars which, on seeing me, she swallowed; and leaving the tree, on which she first perched, she flew unconcernedly about for some time.

Finally she went into a tree with intervening trees between us. Closely watching her vicinity, I saw her drop into the tall grass for a second and fly up onto the tree again. Twice she did this, but so quickly that I could not see whether she had food or not.

Going to the places where she dropped I found two fledglings. From further watching, I concluded the other two were in a clump of blackberry bushes growing in a rock heap.

One of the fledglings, on pursuit, flew into a cranny of a nearby stone wall. Here I watched him for some time. He was olivaceous brown throughout, being lighter on his abdomen. The wings were dull brown with two wide clear dandelion yellow wing-bars. The wings were very large in comparison to the bird. Some down still clung to the top of his head.

It seemed a miracle that a fledgling so tiny, just seven and one half days from the egg, could fly with such wonderful strength, twenty feet in one flight, as I saw him do, and catch his perch like his experienced parents.

Two days later the little clearing where this remarkable pair of warblers made their home, settled into its usual quietness. No more the alarm note of the anxious mother greeted me, no more the love song of the Golden-wing floated to his mate. Nothing but the vacant nest gave evidence of this history making pair.

THE LITTLE GULL, *LARUS MINUTUS* PALL., IN MAINE,
WITH REMARKS ON ITS DISTRIBUTION, AND
ITS OCCURRENCE IN AMERICA.

BY ARTHUR H. NORTON.

On July 20, 1910, an adult male *Larus minutus* was taken at Pine Point, Scarborough, Maine, and the following day it came into my hands.

The bird is in nuptial plumage, with the post nuptial moult begun. The outer primaries are much worn, while some of the inner ones, fifth, sixth, and seventh, are new, not yet having attained their full growth. It wears the black hood, though this is sprinkled on the forehead, crown, and chin with a few white feathers of the post nuptial dress. While apparently in good health, it was almost entirely free from deposits of fat. Its weight, with stomach empty, was 3½ ounces. The right testis was 3 mm.